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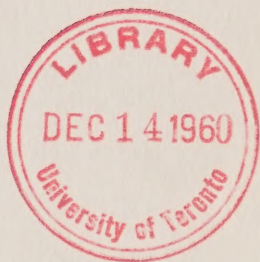
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❖ THE DIAMOND ❖

Founded 1951

Written, edited and managed by the men of COLLIN'S BAY PENITENTIARY, with the permission of MR. ALLAN J. MacLEOD, Q.C., Commissioner of Penitentiaries and with the sanction of COLONEL VICTOR S. J. RICHMOND, Penitentiary Warden

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The Collin's Bay DIAMOND

is published to bridge the gap between the prisoner and the public and to provide a medium for creative expression. It is the aim of the DIAMOND to reflect the views of the inmates on pertinent topics.

Permission for republication of articles appearing in the C.B. DIAMOND is granted, with the proviso that the DIAMOND be credited.

TO OUR READERS:

Did you think we had forgotten you? Or worse still, that we intended to abscond with your money? Actually, it is all just a part of our campaign to be different than the outside press.

Think how dull it is to have your magazine delivered to your door on the same day every month. No suspense, no intrigue. With the DIAMOND you can get out of that complacent rut where everything goes off like clock-work.

All this means is that we had to miss two issues: October and November. However, we do have an excuse. Our printers at K.P. have informed us that they had technical difficulties—like the breakdown of their one and only linotype. In order that we not be accused of attempting to defraud the public-at-large, we will update all subscriptions two months.

One of our subscribers had been passing The DIAMOND along to a friend after she had finished reading it. The friend, strangely enough, enjoyed our magazine. So our subscriber has given her friend a subscription for Christmas. We thought this an excellent idea. Do you have a friend? Assuming you do, why not boost our circulation by sending your friend The DIAMOND?

And before we run out of space, we'd better get in our apology to the athletic types in Collin's Bay. Because we are so late with this magazine, we had to leave out the usual sports coverage. All our promises about team pictures and photos of individual stars have come to naught. We're sorry we broke our word, but frankly, we're glad to see the end of the sports. Our future plans call for a mimeographed sports tabloid every month, in which we can speak more frankly as it won't be mailed out. There will, of course, be some sports coverage in the magazine, but it will be very general and not detailed.

And that completes our commercial for this month. Read the magazine and if you have any complaints, please address them to someone else. Our mailing address remains:

THE DIAMOND

Box 190,

Kingston, Ontario



Lex Schrag's

The caricature of the Churl of the Manor was drawn for the Diamond by his friend and associate on the Toronto Globe and Mail,

Jim Reidford

Christmas
at

MORTGAGE MANOR

Christmas, at Mortgage Manor, that half-acre of wassail in the eastern orgies of Mertopolitan Toronto, is a season of carefree abandon, of cheery good will, of melodious dyspepsia.

The ramshackle hovel on Skid Boulevard, in fact, is permeated with an atmosphere of joyous revelry reminiscent of the entertainments given by the late Jack Ketch. Or, possibly, of the intimate little salons over which Senor Torquemeda loved to preside.

That is to say, while Christmas Day is a calamity to be approached with

fear, trembling and bicarbonate of soda, and Christmas Eve is better ignored, it's the holiday spirit that counts.

With this gladsome thought in mind, the churl of the manor begins his Yuletide preparations on the Delirium of St. Bibulous, in September (third Thursday after Taxation). He cleans the change out of his pockets before retiring and carefully secretes the proceeds in an old boot, which he buries in the coal bin.

Several weeks before the holiday, he

lays in an ample and varied stocks of analgesics. Most of these serums are still untapped when Easter drips its way across the calendar. The churl's friends, too, are firm believers in maintaining liberal stocks of anaesthetics, they usually vote the straight republican ticket, and consider Mr. Diefenbaker a socialist.

Hence, for all purposes of social intercourse and communication, Christmas has arrived at and been driven from the manor by December 22nd.

That is the date on which the office comptroller customarily announces that the annual bonus has again been reduced. The churl, however, is not one to spend a bonus before he receives it — or not, at least, in recent years.

In order to prevent his system of accounting from becoming too complicated, he simply lists such unearned increments under "Acts of God, Beneficial" and applies them to his 1953 liabilities. Going into the turn, the liabilities were leading by six lengths.

The churl is not entirely to blame for his inability to observe a sane, sober and satisfactory Christmas. His trade assails him with temptations his acquisitive, freeloading nature cannot resist.

It is the custom for individuals and organizations whose machinations are more easily perpetrated with the aid of a sympathetic press to throw, or hurl, parties or dinners for the ink-slingers as Christmas approaches.

Carousals of this sort range from free beer, with cheese and crackers, to oysters on the half-shell, filet mignon, strawberry parfait and an unlimited flow of distillates, plus some such little gift as a set of steak knives or a silver salver. These dissipation-

are, of course, at the public expense under the head of advertising.

Being an honorary member of the public in poor standing, the churl soothes his conscience with the fiction that he is paying for them himself. Unfortunately, nothing but several weeks on a bland diet, and plenty of rest, will pacify his outraged alimentary tract. And he becomes painfully leg-weary in his frantic scramble from hotel to club to tavern.

By Christmas Eve, in consequence, the churl is in no mood for song and jollity. He feels like the trash barrel of a cut-rate drug store. His teeth are being eaten away by assorted acetates, his boiler is clogged with the soot of fusel oil, and his clouded brain is filled with no hope for the future.

The churless' approach to the problem, on the other hand, is mercantile rather than pharmaceutical. Her symptoms of Noel fever develop somewhat earlier than her flabby husband's. Ever and addict of trading coupons, she starts hoarding bric-a-brac, junk and other potential Christmas presents as early as mid-August.

She enlivens the annual vacation safari — usually taken in October for financial reasons — with shrill screams of "Stop! There's a cute little shop!" and "Wait! I'm sure that store had an embossed cuspidor! It would be just the thing for Aunt Catastrophe."

As the winter solstice draws nearer, her pulse quickens and her temperature rises. She takes to harrying friends, acquaintances and people from the finance company to buy Christmas cards from her.

Being a devout member of the Aquatic Church, her involved activities necessitate a triple-entry set of books,

with double wingback formation. A part of her earnings as purveyor of season's greetings go to her church. In a prominent spot on her dresser is a bank recently labelled "God".

In times of stress, the churless is not above borrowing a dollar or so from the Almighty, but the loan is invariably and promptly repaid as soon as she can levy on her spouse.

In early November, she plaintively inquires "How about some money for Christmas?"

After long and bitter argument, the churl will unbelt some substantial sum — five or six dollars, say, if he has been able to cash an imaginative expense voucher. Muttering to herself, the churless then undertakes another enterprise designed to raise funds for Christmas projects. She solicits orders for cakes and puddings from her friends, neighbours and members of her church.

Her culinary activities clutter the kitchen with bowls, pans, jars and dishes. They fill the house with noxious fumes when the cakes — as they always do — boil over and take fire in the oven. Meals are late and meagre.

After enduring these discomforts for several seasons, the churl undertook to analyze the bakery business. It quickly became apparent that the churless was losing an average of 9.73 cents per pound on her products. The churl suggested that if she would discontinue her operations he would hand over a few more dollars for Christmas presents.

The churless wrenched the money out of his pudgy hand, but then threatened to get the combines investigators after him, on the grounds he was acting in restraint of trade. Her only con-

cession has been to do her baking while the churl is at his office, so that most of the smoke has dissipated when he shows up for dinner.

The churl buys only one present, each year. He realizes he must acknowledge his marital obligations, so he invests in some of the fiddling gimcracks described as "costume jewelry". His purchase is usually made at the nearest five-and-ten emporium.

The churless retaliates with a hand-hemmed handkerchief, which she has salvaged from an obsolescent bed-sheet. She adds insult to injury by wrapping sundry other gifts for the churl on behalf of Sean, the manor's hairy, Kerry Blue terrier, and Itsy, the official, semi-Persian inside cat. These may be washcloths fabricated from the remnants of a tattered towel, or bookmarks rescued from the tail of a discarded shirt.

To maintain social parity, however, she intimates the churl has joined with her in scattering presents amongst those members of their families who condescend to recognize them, and their small circle of friends (or non-belligerent neutrals).

The churl is indifferent to this process. He is well aware that no one will give him anything he would really like, such as a sports car or a submachine gun. He apathetically accepts socks and shoe laces, but has had to be forcibly restrained from returning the Christmas ties his wife's Uncle Morbidity gives him each year. The poor old soul is colour blind.

The churless is methodical in her madness. She makes book on Christmas gifts and cards. If Cousin Germicide fails to kick in, she is stricken from the rolls. The mere fact that she has been dead and buried for three years

cuts no ice with the churlless, who is deeply wounded if anyone fails to respond to her Yuletide messages of good cheer.

Christmas cards pose a knotty problem for the churl. He would like to abandon the annual rat-race entirely, but has been informed by his wife that such a proposal is *ultra vires*. Hence, he must make up his mind whether it is better to let her use his typewriter, or to help her address the yearly blizzard of greetings.

Since he needs the machine to hold his creditors at bay, and his wife operates it with the delicate touch of a welterweight belting a groggy opponent, the churl has hitherto handled the clerical side of the Christmas card campaign. Some year, however, he may get up the courage to put the typewriter in the repair shop over the holiday.

The churlless will then have to do her own dirty work. Her husband's calligraphy is so illegible he can't read it himself.

After the tumult and shouting of preparation, Christmas is something of an anticlimax. There are no screams of eldritch glee, no patter of little feet at the manor, save when Sean is chasing Itsy through the house and up the drapes, to lend meaning to the feast.

The churl and churlless find themselves at loose ends on Christmas Eve. She hies off to her church, leaving him to his comic books. Until she is safely out the door, that is. Then he heads for the grog cupboard.

When she returns, she tries to work up some enthusiasm by opening presents. This childish device fails to elicit a response. The churl yawns, grunts "Yeah, swell! Very neat. Yeah.

Not bad. Think I'll go to bed. G'night. Oh, yeah. Merry Chrsmas. G'night."

Christmas dinner is partaken at the home of the Junior Executive. He and his handsome wife are the proud parents of two lively boys. Christmas day, and rightly, the churl admits, belongs to the children. The churl, in consequence, cannot get a game of bridge, or any other form of adult entertainment.

The JE's serve a tremendous Christmas dinner. An enormous turkey is flanked by vegetables, salads, cakes, puddings, pies, cheeses and liqueurs. Ever an earnest eater, the churl wades in up to his neck. He eats until his eyes are glassy, and he has to breathe one lung at a time.

The post-prandial period, therefore, is a time of lethargic recuperation rather than of happy banter and light conviviality. By mutual consent of all parties, the churl goes home as soon as he can waddle to his car. Boxing day is spent in bed and vain regrets.

And yet, despite the foregoing lamentations, it should not be assumed the churl has no liking for Christmas. Such is not at all the case. Indeed, he was once very deeply hurt by a department store manager who assumed that the churl could not possibly enter into the gaiety of Yuletide.

The churl had been told by his editor to try and get a job as a department store Santa Claus, with a view to writing an article about what went on in the dear little heads of moppets who thronged at St. Nicholas' knees.

The personnel manager to whom the churl applied took one shocked look at the ape-shaped journalist and screamed in horror of the idea.

"No!" he cried, "No, indeed! Think

of the poor little children!"

Further, the churl's recollections swing back to the day when he, a greasy lance-jack of the Monkey Wrench Dragoons, descended with two hulking privates upon a pair of English spinsters for Christmas dinner. The good ladies had suggested they would like to make a bit of holiday cheer for the visiting Canadians, and the commanding officer had chosen the churl to command the raiding party.

"Now, you boys eat hearty and have a good time!" the hostess had urged. Wherewith, the three colonials had swept the table clean, and had tentatively eyed the bouquet of artificial flowers.

When at last he came up for air, it dawned upon the churl that he and his comrades in gluttony had probably

guzzled all the rations in the house. Yet the two valiant women never batted an eye, nor ceased in their efforts to be merry and bright.

And next day, when the churl called at the house with a few oddments he had liberated while the unit cook was otherwise engaged, his efforts at restitution were politely but firmly refused.

"Thank you very much," he was told, "but we did want to do something for the boys from overseas, and we can manage very nicely."

Of late, Christmas has less poignancy, less emotional impact. Yet the churl regards Christmas with real affection, if for no other reason than that it leaves him with neither the strength nor the inclination to sally forth and make a fool of himself on New Year's Eve.



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS



Once again it is my pleasure to extend to the inmate population and all the readers of **The DIAMOND**, my sincerest best wishes to you and your families for a happy and joyful Holiday Season. May the days ahead bring health and success to you and your loved ones.

Col. V. S. J. Richmond
Warden

As we enter the festive season our thoughts naturally turn to our loved ones. To you and yours I hope your fondest wishes come true and wish you the very best of Christmas greetings and fulfillment of your dreams in the New Year.

Fred Smith
Deputy Warden

C.B.C. RECORDS INMATE CHOIR

by Jim Cox

For several months the Collin's Bay Choristers had been practicing through the lunch period preparing to audition for the CBC's CHOIR FESTIVAL. With hopes high and fingers crossed they were given their chance on September 30th.

Mr. George Dufresne, CBC's Montreal Music Director, and Mr. Pierre

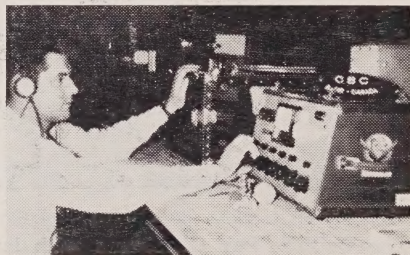


**Acting Warden Fred Smith greets
Mr. G. Dufresne**

Pepin, Radio Technician, drove their heavily loaded station wagon all the way from Montreal to record the voices of our twenty-one man choir. The two CBC men arrived shortly before noon and didn't leave until late in the evening—but with them went taped evidence of our choir's quality.

For the recording session, the men sang three compulsory numbers: AVE MARIA, LE CHOEUR PELLERINS and FINLANDIA, then finished with Candish' SONG OF THE JOLLY ROGER, a selection of their own choice. They did very well with each piece, particularly with the last one, a lusty tale of the sea seemingly more in character for the band of brigands in our choir.

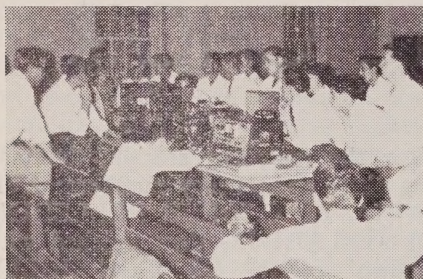
It was a long day for the men. They had to go through each selection several times before the leader would accept the performance for posterity. The CBC men were more-than-patient and when the final note was safely on tape, they joined the inmates and Deputy Warden F. Smith down in the staff dining room for roast beef and french



**Pierre Pepin, C.B.C. Technician, recording
the voices of Choristers**

fries. This was the first any of them had eaten since lunch and the men

attacked the food as if they had indeed just returned from a piratical sorty at sea.



Choral Group listening to play back of final tape recording.

The next part of the contest allows our choir to choose their own selections for a half-hour radio broadcast. Mr. Dufresne said that he hoped to be able to return at the end of November for

that programme. Mr. Dufresne—who, incidentally, formerly sang with the Metropolitan Opera—rated our choir high and said that they had worked hard and deserved to be heard by a larger audience.

He also mentioned that the more the men learned about music, the more enjoyment they would get out of it. Not only were the choir doing something worthwhile for prisoners, but they were helping themselves by building character.

Agreeing with Mr. Dufresne, the men did work hard and we are glad they will have a chance to enter the final round. Unusual as it is to have a choir of penitentiary inmates, it is even more unusual to have an inmate choir of this quality. All the men in the group are to be congratulated for their effort.



The Collin's Bay Choristers with leader (back to camera) Roger Paquin. Left to right, front row, are: (Baritones) John Cutts, Al Thompson, Ken Kelly, David Brown and Stewart Reid. (Bass) Jack Reveille, Walter Hughes (behind leader) Dennis Valliere and Bill Clark. Second row: (Altos) Ted Chapman, Frank Cucan, Richard Boudreau and Barney Arnett. Back row: (Tenors) Dick Green, Nick Moschitto, Dino Kanary, Louis Licastro, Ted Smith, Joe Smith and Gordon Riels.

As We See It!

WORK CAMPS NOT WANTED

OTTAWA (CP) — *"The Defence Department apparently isn't happy about the Department of Justice's plans to establish work camp for minimum security prisoners on some defence sites. Some officers maintained that the presence of prisoner work camps near defence establishments would be bad for morale. Wives of armed forces personnel would be alarmed at the possibility of prisoners on the loose."*

The above is a Canadian Press release and was carried in most of the newspapers in Ontario. Our comment: DON'T FLATTER YOURSELVES!

THE CANADA COUNCIL GRANTS

This year's grants by the Council for struggling literary periodicals of merit are more evidence of bureaucratic fumbling! Three publications benefitted to the tune of 7 G's: Tamarack Review (\$3,000); Culture (\$2,000); and Liberte

60 (\$2,000). Overlooked again was that "estimable journal put out by the gentlemen guests of Collin's Bay Pen" — The DIAMOND. The Canada Council grants are intended to help keep these publications out of receivership and in the swim. On this ground, The DIAMOND merits strong consideration. If, however, they are going to be stuffily high-brow about the thing and demand literary quality, we'll just have to go on sulking.

THE WORLD SERIES

We actually saw this. Or at least most of the series. We missed the relatively unimportant last game. But it was the General Motors' commercials that impressed us most. Though not yet accustomed to television advertising, it seemed that GM should be capable of coming up with something better than the vapid and inane commercial used throughout the series. It was only fitting that the star of these GM sponsored spectacles was the good, old reliable FORD. In effect, Whitey shut GM out twice, too.

COMMISSIONER

VISITS

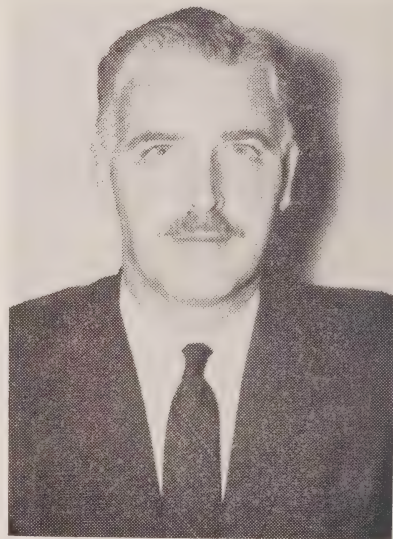
COLLIN'S BAY

Mr. Allen J. MacLeod, O.C., who took over as Commissioner of Penitentiaries on September 1, 1960.

Mr. MacLeod, 41, was formerly head of the Remissions Service, until it was replaced by the Parole Board in January, 1959, and then he was appointed chairman of the Federal Correctional Planning Committee. Colonel James R. Stone and Assistant Commissioner J. A. McLaughlin were the other two members of this fact-finding committee and the three travelled extensively in Europe and the United States studying the various penal systems used in these countries.

For those who are money-minded, Mr. MacLeod will draw a salary of \$17,000 and Colonel Stone, who has been appointed Senior Deputy Commissioner, will receive \$14,000.

Both men will now be responsible for implementing the suggestions they made as members of the Planning Committee, so it is reasonable to assume they will be keenly interested in putting these suggestions into effect as soon as possible.



On his 21st day in office, Commissioner of Penitentiaries Allen J. MacLeod visited this institution and met with seven inmate representatives; the five-man Committee, an A.A. Chairman and the Diamond editor.

Mr. MacLeod, a tall (6 ft. 4 in. plus), athletic appearing man, was most impressive and his comparative youth was backed up with modern and progressive ideas. (See box) Keynoting the interview, Mr. MacLeod stated at the beginning, "This is 1960. We are going to think and act 1960—not 1890." The first ten minutes of the meeting



Mr. Allen J. MacLeod, Commissioner of Penitentiaries has definite ideas on what he would like to see in effect in Canada's penitentiaries. Within the limits of security, this how he feels about:

PRISON INDUSTRY

A complete re-organization was needed here, with emphasis on a more business-like system in regard to both production and quality control.

PAY SCALES FOR INMATES

"I do not like the quota system," Mr. MacLeod stated, "and we recognize that the inmate should have more money for the day of his release." Parliament may not be able to give this, but he suggested that if we all work a little harder under the new industry system, funds may be found. The quota system, where a man cannot be moved up a grade until an opening appears, was not as much of an incentive as it was designed to be, and the Commissioner felt incentive was an important thing in the life of any human—even the prisoner.

TOBACCO AND SMOKE TIMES

This should be along the same lines as in industry outside in regard to when to smoke. If there is no fire hazard or taboo for religious reasons, then smoke when you want. A heavy smoker himself, the Commissioner felt that tobacco would cease to be a form of currency if a container of tobacco were placed on each range and inmates were allowed to have it when ever they wanted, and the attendant evils would also be overcome.

INMATE COMMITTEES

Showing that he was informed on even the most minute problems, Mr. MacLeod stated that he believed in not only one committee, but several. By having committees for each activity the responsibility would be spread over a large section of the population and would thus tend to do away with the "Wheel" system. He thought it might even be possible to have a library committee to help select books and govern library operation.

VISITS

Broader visiting privileges, covering reputable friends as well as close relatives. More home-like atmosphere in visiting rooms. Citing a Belgian example, where inmates and visitors mingled in a large room, drank coffee and smoked, he said: "This is my idea of sensible visiting privileges, allowing a man to have more family contact and keep his family together." Longer and more frequent visits are also proposed.

CORRESPONDENCE

This should be extended to cover a wider range of persons also and more letters should be allowed. Inmates should be kept as much in contact with the outside world as possible.

SUMMING UP: Mr. MacLeod's philosophy—and consequently the philosophy of the department—is that inside living should be organized as close to outside living as possible, within the limits of security, of course. Eight hours of work, eight hours for sleep and eight hours for recreation. The transition for the released man will therefore be easier, it is hoped.

were taken over by Mr. MacLeod and during this time he outlined some of the Department's plans for the future. Casting an eye at my fast-filling notebook, Mr. MacLeod stated that many of his remarks must be off-the-record as far as publication was concerned because some of the things had yet to be okayed by Parliament.

In early October there will be a Wardens' conference in Kingston. At this time all the rules and regulations that have come into being since the beginning of the federal system will be discussed and "rules that don't apply to 1960 will be discarded". Each rule will be questioned and the reasons for its existence discussed. If the rule doesn't fit we won't wear it. Mr. MacLeod stressed that he and Col. Stone were impatient men and anxious to get on with the job. In contrast to Warden's conferences of the past, at this one recommendations will be made, decisions on the recommendations will be reached and action will be taken as soon as possible.

The seven inmates who talked with the new Commissioner could not find any subject with which he was not thoroughly familiar — even more so than ourselves — and Mr. MacLeod had definite ideas on what he wanted to see in effect in Canada's prisons. Mr. MacLeod's ideas so far outstripped anything we had in mind that the group left the board room with the feeling that the Department of Penitentiaries was pulling on a pair of Seven League Boots in preparation for the giant steps needed to bring our prisons up to 1960 standards.

A note of caution here. All the inmates were enthusiastic and the ideas discussed augur well for the future,

but as yet these are still ideas and it takes time to put them into practice. The new Commissioner, when questioned on the length of time that would elapse before we saw some changes, did say that some changes would be in effect next year. They must crawl before they can walk and the start will be small at first, but at least they are going to make a start as soon as possible. The outcome of the Wardens' conference will have a great deal to do with the future, but so will the attitude of the general public and—strangely—the inmates themselves. Radical changes can be made, but not overnight. Inmates and public must be made aware of the need for changes and prepared to accept them. With the first steps already being taken by a re-organization of the executive branches — both in Ottawa headquarters and in the individual prisons — it appears as if progress is going to be made in the 1960's.

To say that a new broom was sweeping would be an understatement. If Commissioner MacLeod's attitude is any indication of the future, it would be more correct to say that a highly mechanized force of cleaners is now at work. Energetic and forceful personalities, Mr. MacLeod and Colonel Stone are cutting right to the heart of the matter and discarding the malignant sections of the rules.

Still, no matter how many amenities we are allowed, I think I would rather pin my hopes on a Parole Board. Improve how you will, humanize how you will, prison is still a wasteful and frustrating way to spend your life—or any part thereof—and the chief desire of all prisoners will still be for their freedom.

GRADUATION CEREMONIES HELD

54 men received their graduation diplomas from the Vocational Training school on October 11th. This was the twelfth Graduation Day for men having received trade's training at this institution. The Vocational Training programme here, one of the best in our prison system, has sent over 600 men out to work in the building trades and industry.

Acting for Warden Richmond, Deputy Warden Fred Smith made the opening address. Mr. Smith spoke of the value of these courses to the men who had just completed them and also to those who were about to start this year's courses. Well over 70% of the men who had received training at Collin's Bay have never returned to prison. The importance of trade training can be readily recognized when it is noted, statistically, that over 50% of the men in Canada's penitentiaries are classed as common labourers and have no technical skill. Most of these men were unemployed at the time of their arrest.

The next speaker was Assistant Commissioner of Penitentiaries J. A. MacLaughlin. In what he termed his "valedictory address", Mr. MacLaugh-

lin said he was glad he was able to make it again. Under the re-organization of the service taking place in Ottawa, Mr. MacLaughlin will be moved to the industry side as there are to be some large developments in prison industry soon. Mr MacLaughlin ended his talk by thanking all his supporters in the Vocational Training programme — both officers and the trainees — and saying that he would stay as close to the training programme as he was able to.

Mr. G. Taylor, Chief Vocational Officer, then introduced the guest speaker, Mr. Donald C. McNeill, Director of Apprenticeship for the Province of Ontario. Mr. McNeill gave a general outline of the work of his department and explained that it had expanded from one office with two secretaries in the thirty's to its present position with a budget of over \$1,000,000 per year. Well aware of the ever increasing need for trained workers, his department looked upon the Apprenticeship programme as the backbone of Canada's future. He stressed the need for more academic education as well as for trade training. Automation and increasingly complicated



Special guests and officials for the 1959-60 Vocational Graduation Ceremonies were, left to right: R. W. Cunningham, Supervisor of Training (Ottawa); J. A. MacLaughlin, Assistant Commissioner; Donald C. McNeill, Director of Appren-

ticeship for Ontario; Deputy Warden Fred Smith (acting for Warden Richmond); A. M. Kirkpatrick, Executive Director of the John Howard Society of Ontario; and Mr. G. Taylor, Chief Vocational Officer.

technology are going to demand better trained workers and the man without a skill may well find himself without a job. He realized that there were additional problems facing ex-inmates, but he felt that if they were properly trained and willing to do a day's work for a day's pay, they could carve out successful futures for themselves. The days of the post-war boom were over. From now on it was going to be necessary to have more to offer an employer than to just be "slightly warm and able to move every now and again."

Fitting in with Collin's Bay plans, Mr. McNeill stated that in the automotive trade there is an ever-increasing need for good mechanics. Today there is a far greater demand for motor

mechanics than there is a supply. He warned the men in his prison audience not to look for an easy life, but to be willing to make a few sacrifices and work hard for their future.

Mr. McNeill had high praise for the instructors and trade training facilities at this institution. In closing, he wished all the trainees success and stated that his department would be ready and willing to help them whenever they came under its jurisdiction.

The presentation of the Certificates of Training and the Academic School Certificates then took place and the 54 men marched on stage to receive their certificates from Mr. MacLaughlin. Two special presentations were also made. Jim W., a Machine Shop graduate,

was judged the most advanced student in his class and was presented with an American Society of Tool and Manufacturing Engineers' Handbook by two members of the Society: Mr. Coomber and Mr. Holden. Charles Pierce received a Webster's Dictionary for taking top honours in the Academic work and Mr. C. R. Hogeboom, Chief Schoolteacher, assisted Mr. MacLaughlin in the presentation.

Other graduates were:

Graduates from Grade 8 Academic Schoolteacher — C. R. Hogeboom
Graduates: David Aldred, Marvyn Bell, Keith Myers and Charles Pearce.

PLUMBING & HEATING — Instructor:
C L. McQuaide
Graduates: Edward Cottingham, Malcolm MacDonald, Thomas Eldridge, Russell Turgeon and Fred Barnett.

BRICKLAYING — Instructors:

Mr. R. Dick and Mr. R. Ayer

Graduates: James Cyster, Gerald Ellison, Floyd Gates, Joseph Molnar, Gerald Pilon and Morris Vaillancourt.



CARPENTRY — Instructor: W. Huff
Graduates: John Enns, William Geary, Donald A. Litt, John MacKay, Nicholas Moschitto, Donald Murray, Donald Donald O'Donoghue, Robert Genereau and Robin Millman.

SHEET METAL — Instructor:
G. A. Irvine

Graduates: Darrel Eckhardt, Henry Mavin, Gordon Quinney, Darrel Graham, Howard McLaren, Lloyd Stevenson and John Dinelle.

ELECTRICAL — Instructor:
A. J. W. Robinson

Graduates: William Armitage, John McIssaac, William Clark, Ian Robertson, Karolis Jagucanski, Cecil Reddick and Metro Pretula.



MACHINE SHOP — Instructor:

A. J. Bignon

Graduates: Derrill Larue, Ernest Delaney, Gerald Ellis, Ruddell Hottot, Robert Mondeville, James Woodliffe, Robert Connors, William Stewart, Dennis Walsh, Douglas Collins, Benjamin Uhl, and Gordon Wiggins.

MOTOR VEHICLE REPAIR — Instructor:

M. Derrick

Graduates: William Allison, Ross Hardy, James McLadery, Thomas Dupont, Wallace Lorence, George Scyzewsky, John Budd, Zennon Gadzinski and George Moore.



VOCATIONAL WELDING CLASS

Front Row: H. Miller, R. Morrissetti, D. Rawn and D. Alfred. Back Row: Instructor W. H. Parks, B. Arnott, H. Heath and W. Hughes.

Personality—once regarded as an indefinable something which some people had and others lacked—is fast becoming a measurable quantity like intelligence.

It has been discovered, too, that personality can be developed by training, just as the mind is developed by schooling and lessons in logic.

The well-known I.Q., or *intelligence quotient*, is a measure of a person's ability to learn and a test of their general knowledge. The newer P.Q.—*personality quotient*—is a measure of how a person reacts to others and to different situations. It is becoming a yardstick of the traits required to get along in this fast-paced, high-strung, modern world.

Personality is that which enables one to interest and influence other people. We must be able to sway people and to hold their interest if we are to succeed in getting a job, obtaining a raise in salary or just in making and keeping friends. In business or government, and in all social relationships—even in prison—a good mind or a good character is handicapped unless it is coupled with an effective personality. The ability to influence other people is one of the most sought after traits in business today. This ability is part habit and part skill. Both can be acquired with practice.

In recent tests on personality, persons who had to work for their money ranked appreciably higher than those who received allowances or incomes (without working at all). Economic independence is one of the most important factors in personality and happiness. The "gimme" type person had a lower P.Q.

HOW'S YOUR P.Q.?



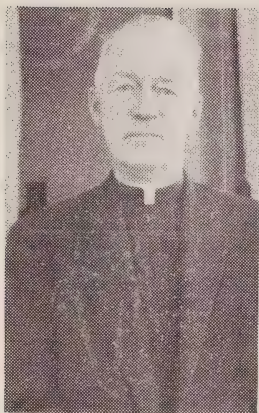
By Donald A. Wilson

The discipline principle emerges as an underlying factor in the development of a good personality and the strategic time to teach people to subordinate their impulses and channel them into better avenues is when they are too young to understand, but not too old to accept the discipline.

People with a low P.Q. manifest such characteristics as these: Often tired and don't feel like doing anything; give up easily on activities that they find difficult; sulk and lose their temper easily; they interrupt conversations; criticize others but deeply resent others criticizing them; and generally they succeed in making others around them uncomfortable.

Does this description fit you? If it does, the chances are you won't admit it, anyway.

Personality is success in today's world. Through reading and constant practice you can develop an effective and winning personality. Why not give it a try? Not only will you be happier, but you will make the lives of all you come in contact with happier.



by Father Felix Devine, S.J.

There is a certain amount of hero-worship in all of us. From the time that we were kids we have had our Babe Ruths, our Gordie Howes or Mickey Mantles whose utter perfection in their chosen field has inspired us, almost to the point of idolatry. And why? Because we admire these heroes and sing their praises since they have triumphed in their endeavours, and also, perhaps, because they have excelled to a degree that we could never equal.

When our worthy editor asked for an explanation of the Feast of All Saints, to appear in *The Diamond* for November, the thought immediately occurred: "Is he joking or does he really mean it?" And no doubt you can understand why. But then again it is true that a certain segment of our fellows here really do think seriously at times, and therefore a little brush with reality, with the more important side of life, provided that it is not too sticky, might be just what the doctor ordered. These men agree that there is something more

ALL SAINTS DAY

to life, and life's eventual outcome, than sports — and spaghetti.

Reference has been made to heroes and our admiration of them. Instinctively we do admire a winner, and his achievements can prove a great spur to our own clumsy efforts. Now, not only in sports do we have our heroes. There is another league of heroes, and a much more difficult one to shine in, the league that demands the conquest of our weakened nature and the total dedication of ourselves to the service of God. And down through the centuries we have had these heroes — thousands of them — some of whom have been officially declared so by the Church and are known as Canonized Saints, and many more, unnoticed and unsung, who, in their own quiet and unobtrusive way have attained heroic stature in the service of that same loving Lord. These latter are just as truly Saints and form part of that heavenly band who have fought the good fight, and won. They are there for our admiration as our heroes, and, if we wish, for our imitation.

So now, finally, we come to the meaning of All Saints Day. It is the day set apart to honour all God's heroes and His faithful children known or unknown, who have won through to their everlasting reward.

John Howard Society of Ontario



by W. F. McCabe
Executive Secretary
Kingston Branch

Editor: Because so many inmates are unsure of the functions of the Society, Mr. McCabe was asked to submit an article outlining the services offered to the ex-inmate by the Society.

Continuously since 1929, the John Howard Society of Ontario has extended post-release service to ex-inmates of correctional institutions. As a provincially incorporated Society it may establish branches in Ontario communities and this has been done when groups of responsible citizens express the community's concern over the problems facing ex-inmates in their midst. It is for this reason that service is extended to men only in those areas where Branches are operating.

The Society continuously interprets to the general public and to official channels the problems which exist in the correctional field and those facing the man on his return to society. However, the main function of the Society as it concerns the ex-inmate is the extension of post-release rehabilitation services.

POST-RELEASE PLANNING

Thirty years' experience has led us to believe that those men, who before their release seek help in developing a post-release plan, are those most likely to succeed in the community. For this reason the Society has established a pre-release service in the three federal institutions in the Kingston area. Staff members visit the institutions regularly and are prepared to discuss with men facing release the problems which they are likely to encounter in the community.

We feel that it is mutually advantageous for the inmate and the Society to become acquainted and for each to understand the problems, strengths, weaknesses and resources in post-release planning. Interviews with the Society's representative are arranged on request through the Classification Department.

PAROLE PLANNING

The National Parole Board has the sole responsibility for paroling inmates and representatives of the Board visit the institution regularly to advise inmates regarding parole.

The Board, however, recognizes the complex problems awaiting the parolee in the community and designates a supervisor who is someone in the community to whom the parolee can turn for advice and counsel. Because the parolee is actually serving the remainder of his sentence on the street, the National Parole Board wants to know the circumstances under which he is living. It is the supervisor's responsibility to be aware of the parolee's place of employment, salary, employment changes, place of residence, marital situation, and recreational activities.

If the Parole Board decides that the John Howard Society would be most helpful to the ex-inmate as supervisor in any given parole, a request is forwarded to the Society.

Interviews are arranged in the community with those interested in the inmate and subsequent interviews with the inmate in the institution provide the information which helps us to determine the soundness of the plan and whether our supervision would be helpful to the inmate in each specific case. It should be noted that in all cases it is the National Parole Board which initiates the Society's activity.

JHS SERVICE IN COMMUNITY

The movement from the restricted life of the institution to comparative freedom in society poses many problems. Some ex-inmates are uncertain back in the community as to the steps

they should take towards their re-establishment. The availability of an experienced counsellor has proved most helpful to many who have sought out the John Howard Society. Here are some of the questions:

Shall I reveal my record to the prospective employer, or to the new girlfriend?

Why am I finding it difficult to get along with my young son?

Why is my wife questioning whether I really mean to go straight?

How can I get my chauffeur's license when a police signature is required on the application?

Although I have a job, how am I to survive until the first pay comes through?

There are no absolute answers since every man's situation is unique.

The Society does not provide answers but tries to help a man find his own solution. If a man is to succeed in his rehabilitation efforts, sound planning is necessary and frequently financial assistance helps to carry the plan through successfully. If the plan is sound the Society will provide assistance for food, lodging, work clothing, licenses, and the basic tools of a trade to permit hiring in employment.

Those men who wisely sought help before release, and were referred through this pre-release service to a Branch for assistance with a realistic plan, have a head start and make the relationship easier for themselves and our workers.

This article has purposely been kept very general since each man's problems are different. If you wish to discuss your post-release problems with a Society representative, please do not hesitate to pass your request through the Classification Department.

ONE



Too

MANY

Editor: This story is reprinted from **SHADOWS** a Penal Publication from the State Prison at Salem, Oregon. **SHADOWS** is consistently the best short story magazine on the exchange circuit, in our opinion.

It was just after sundown on Saturday evening, August 26, 1837. The heat shimmered in waves across the flat Arizona desert. Inside their small homesteader's cabin, Bruce and Virginia MacKnight were unaware of the oppressive heat. Virginia moved quietly and carefully at the sink, straining milk. They had been married thirteen months and very soon she was to have their first child. With calm certainty she had decided it would be a black-haired, blue-eyed boy — just like his dad. But as she moved mechanically through her chores, she was conscious of a creeping dread that her husband might never live to see the baby.

Bruce sat by the window, cleaning and oiling his huge Colt .45, weighed

down by similar thought. Physically, he was a rather ordinary man of twenty-four. Though somewhat smaller than average, he was lean, tough and durable as an Apache, and his sun-scorched skin had the same deep russet hue. In a time when men were noted for their swaggering bravado, Bruce was almost conspicuous for his quiet, level mannerisms. His wide smile, though rather rare, was unquestionably warm and sincere.

Carefully, almost caressingly, he polished the surplus oil from the glossy, deep blue metal. Very deliberately he slipped six bright brass cartridges into the cylinder, spun it, then snapped it shut. He hefted the gun once, affectionately noting the weight and grip.

Though not at all fast, he was a crack shot. With shooting, Bruce was the same as with everything else—he took his time and did it right. There was, however, the terrifying possibility that there would be no time tonight.

All week he had been re-living the incredible sequence of events that had taken place last Saturday night. As was his regular habit, he had ridden into Silverton, eleven miles away. Leaving Virginia over at her sister's home, he had gone over to the Silver Lode Saloon for an evening of poker. He had been playing low-stakes poker in the Silver Lode on Saturday nights for more than two years and had never won or lost more than thirty dollars at any session. Last Saturday night, though, was different.

That afternoon the notorious Streak Willard had cantered into town on his magnificent black stallion and had been taking the local boys to the cleaners all afternoon. Willard was widely known, even in remote and isolated Silverton, as a man equally fast and smooth with a card, a gun, or a girl. Willard was well over six feet, impeccably handsome and insufferably arrogant. His cool contempt had aroused Bruce's stubborn Scottish blood and he had grimly played on and on, trying to catch Willard in a false move. But Willard was far too smooth a professional to be caught by a fumbling amateur. When the game finally broke up, Bruce was in a cold fury, certain that he had been cheated out of nearly three thousand dollars. He burned for revenge and at the same time despised himself for allowing the sleek arrogance of the gambler to goad him into being such a fool. Shoving back his chair to leave, he had leaned across the table

and spoke quietly but distinctly, his eyes like blue ice, "I'll be back next Saturday, Willard. Be sure and be here."

Willard laughed easily. "Sure thing—be glad to have you. Bring money."

Later, he and Virginia creaked slowly homeward in the buckboard as the stars faded into the silver blue of a desert dawn. He held her close in the cold, thin air and told her all that had happened. She didn't say anything for a few minutes after he finished. Then she wiggled a little closer to him and said, "I don't care about anything except you and the baby. Never mind about Willard—let him go. He'll get a bullet or a rope in the end. Don't throw away all our lives over some money or revenge."

He hadn't answered. He had realized that there was a great deal of wisdom in what she said, but he knew that he could never live with himself if he took this lying down. Finally he said, "Ginny, I hafta' think about it."

And all week long he had thought about it. They hadn't discussed it again, but it had been on both their minds and their talk had been hollow and superficial—obviously skirting the decision which hovered darkly.

Bruce shoved the big gun deeper into its holster, stood slowly and stretched. "Guess we'd better start for town, Ginny. I'll go hitch up."

She swallowed. "I'll be ready, Bruce."

Virginia, the daughter of a Scotsman herself, had been sure it would have to be this way.

On the ride into town he had found himself time and time again staring at small, trivial things, as though frantically trying to absorb details of

CONTINUED On Page 42

The Jovial Jester



WACKY WIT



A favourite Hollywood story concerns two little boys attending school in an exclusive section of town, where the biggest stars live.

"I hear you have a new daddy," said the first child.

"Yep," the other replied.

"Well, I know you'll love him," the first added seriously. "We had him last year."



Boy, about his girl friend: "I'm not saying she's a bad cook, but her family prays before every meal!"



Two Russians knocked at the Pearly Gate and when St. Peter saw who it was he said: "Scram, you — you're atheists. You can't come in here."

The Russians replied: "So who wants in? We just want our rockets back."



They finally caught the fellow who'd been stealing ashes from the crematorium. He'd been bottling the ashes and sending them to Africa where dealers had been selling them to cannibals as Instant People.



He: "Why is it that the most important men always get the prettiest girls?"
She: "Gee, you're conceited!"



On location for a Hollywood film:
1st goat, after watching 2nd goat consume a can of film: "How did you like it?"

2nd goat: "Not bad, but I liked the book better."



And since we got T.V. we've discovered that it's true what they say about old movies: — they never die, no matter how long ago they were shot.



....plan devised to lower the incidence
of crime in Canada by "Churl" of Mortgage Manor....

TORONTO REPORT

by Lex Schrag

The Diamond's Toronto correspondent is a pulpy slob who writes an occasional piece for The Globe and Mail, Canada's National (advt.) Newspaper, in his spare time. He is not an alumnus of Collin's Bay, due to some oversight on the part of the police and the judiciary, but he is nevertheless, possessed of a typewriter. This is the chief reason he is employed by The Diamond.

He was impelled to grind out a lump for Toronto's morning journal by a visit to the Bay, which followed a day in one of Toronto's police courts where, oddly enough, he was not one of the defendants:

"A new and brilliant plan has been devised whereby the incidence of crime in Canada can be reduced and the national economy revitalized. Its author is the churl of Mortgage Manor, that half-acre of logic in the easterly rationale of Scarboro.

"The churl's proposal was inspired by two of his recent news assignments. One day, he observed the operations of a Toronto police court; the next, he talked with staff officers and inmates of the Collin's Bay Penitentiary.

"In the court, he saw a frustrated magistrate using the limited means at his disposal—suspended sentence, probation, short terms in training schools—to keep young men out of the penitentiary.

"The process was far from impressive. Minor offenders were herded in the dock with prisoners accused of the most serious crimes.

"A frowsy youth charged with creating a disturbance stood beside a man accused of murder.

"The court docket was crowded; the magistrate could spend little time searching for the basic reason of any youthful hoodlum's appearance before him. An officer of the Salvation Army bustled through the court, doing what he could to salvage the human wreckage.

"It was painfully obvious that some of the younger men were determined to acquire criminal records. Their immature minds had been poisoned by the false glamor which they—and alas, some elements of the public—invest men who have 'served a stretch in the pen.'

"The prisoners in the penitentiary who talked to the churl found nothing

glamorous in their lives. They were concerned with regaining their freedom and keeping it by becoming self-supporting and law-abiding citizens. They had come to realize they could not get something for nothing.

"Whose is the first responsibility, the churl wondered, for the cycle of crime and punishment that leads through the courts into the penitentiary? He put the question to the busy Salvation Army officer of the Toronto courts.

"'The parents and the schools,' was the prompt and unequivocal answer. 'Very, very few of the men whom I work with have had proper moral up-bringsings. And the schoolteachers are no longer permitted to enforce adequate discipline.'

"The churl has no illusions that all parents can be persuaded to assume full responsibility for inculcating their offspring with the principles of honesty, truth and respect for the law.

"Therefore, he proposes that family allowances be abolished. Instead of being paid to produce children, parents should be required to pay for the privilege. They should be compelled to deposit with the Government \$2,500 for each child born to them.

"This sum is approximately the cost of maintaining a prisoner for one year in a penal institution. If the child for whom the deposit has been made has not required commitment to an institution of correction before reaching his or her majority, the money would be refunded.

"At that stage of the young citizen's life, it could be useful, say, for completing a university education."

Now, this sort of thing may be all

very well for a Toronto daily, but The Diamond has its standards of public service to maintain. Its Toronto correspondent was instructed to get off his butt and dig up some useful information. He was told to inquire if anything constructive is being done to prevent the Bay's luxurious accommodation from becoming overcrowded.

His investigations appear to indicate that:

Magistrates do not derive any personal satisfaction from tucking a bright young boy away in the jug for several years.

Nor do they like crowded dockets, which make it difficult, if not impossible, to obtain all the facts bearing upon the cases before them.

They are, in fact, reluctant to send their customers to reformatories or penitentiaries. Their first function, of course, is to administer the law. But, since they represent the tax-payers, they are thoroughly aware of the economic results of their judgements. It is by no means their intention or desire to start a first offender "serving a life sentence by instalments", as an able Crown Counsel put it.

And they are not at all eager to have the people who appear before them plead guilty. It has been their experience that too many youths charged with such offenses as breaking and entering, car theft and the like, will plead guilty rather than take a remand.

The charge against the accused may be incorrect — it might better have been a lesser one. But the accused's urge to "get it over with" leaves the magistrate no opportunity for further inquiry into his case. True, in Toronto, there are pre-sentence reports which are valuable in arriving at a humane

disposal of a case. But the social machinery which may put a first offender back on his feet again has less chance to function if he pleads guilty.

One Toronto magistrate has discharged nine men, this year, after they had pleaded guilty, because the evidence did not warrant the charges against them.

It is reasonable to assume, then, that other men who pleaded guilty would have received more adequate consideration of their cases if they had pleaded not guilty. Had they done so, the courts, the probation officers and — believe it or not — the police, would have had more time to discover mitigating circumstances in their offenses.

In Canada, it is not the duty of the Crown Counsel to obtain convictions in spite of the evidence. It is their duty to assist judges and magistrates to dispense justice. This may seem like pure theory. It is, in fact, everyday, commonsense practice, and its principle extends to the enforcement of the law. In one instance, The Diamond's correspondent learned, a special Crown prosecutor had been assigned to a case to make sure there was an acquittal. The accused, incidentally, was a rather poverty-stricken unknown, not

a money-bags with a lot of political drag.

A person accused should retain legal counsel. The courts will assign counsel if the accused has none, but this leads to further delays. It should not be imagined that a judge or magistrate assumes the accused is guilty because he has hired a lawyer. Few private citizens know their legal rights, and the fact that they engage a person trained in the law to defend these rights has no influence on the disposition of the case.

There is, of course, one final, overall piece of advice the courts have to offer:

If you want to stay out of trouble, DON'T BREAK THE LAW. But, if you do, don't assume the law is out to "get" you.

It's simply that you have created a public problem which must be solved by the courts, representing the public in administering the law. While few thoughtful people will insist that the law — or its administration — is perfect, it's the set of rules by which the great majority of people in this country have agreed to live. If you don't like the law, you can change it — if you have the ability and endurance. But you break it at your peril.



The Southern father was introducing his family of boys to the Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

"Seventeen boys, my, my!" exclaimed the Democratic hopeful. "They'll all be faithful Democrats like you, I suppose?"

"All but one, sir," the father replied proudly. "They're all Democrats but Jamie, the little rascal. He got to readin'."

— *Presidio* —

PRISONER POTENTIAL

Machine Shop Student

Making Good Outside

A former student of this institution's Machine Shop course has written a letter to the instructor, Mr. A. J. Bignon, telling of his success in job hunting after leaving the prison.

Enclosed was a pay envelope stating that the man had earned over \$108.00 for his first week on the job! To be sure, he worked overtime: 54.4 hours to be exact. His basic pay rate was \$1.75 per hour and after all deductions he cleared \$96.00.

For a man with a wife and two children this wage is more than adequate and in his letter the former inmate states: "I could never have got a good job like this if it hadn't been for the wonderful training and understanding I got from you (the instructor)." He went on to tell what this salary meant to him and his loved ones, particularly when he had just been released from prison and they had no extra money to fall back on. His children, he said, "...just love me to pieces." And he and his wife are putting their lives back together quickly.

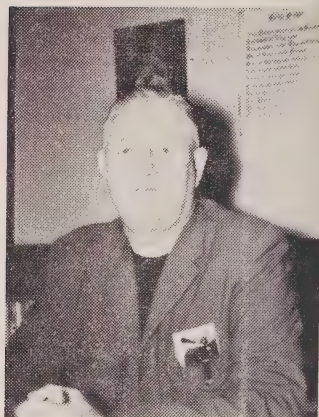
This man—we called him Yankee while he was here—is living and working in the State of Massachusetts. The pay rate may be slightly higher than the Canadian scale, but the qualifications are the same. He got his job, operating a #5 Warner & Swasey Turret Lathe, because he was able to do his own set-ups and sharpened his own tools. Because he had taken the training offered here, he was able to hold a production job on the street.

That his employer is satisfied with his work was proved by the promise of a raise in pay. He was notified of the raise the day he wrote to Mr. Bignon. Possibly the raise was what moved him to write the letter of appreciation for the training he received on the Machine Shop course.

This man's training has paid off. Success stories are rare because the men who succeed naturally prefer to remain anonymous—lest their success be short lived. But it is encouraging to know that an ex-inmate need not be condemned for the failure he was, but has a chance to be praised for the success he has made for himself. Thanks for writing, Yankee. It helps keep other spirits up.

A Christmas Message

*From Canon Minto Swan
Protestant Chaplain*



It is always a privilege to write a few lines at this season of the year to express the hope that the Babe of Bethlehem, whose birthday we celebrate, may touch every heart and every home.

Christmas is essentially a family season when the children occupy the central position, even as a child made the first Christmas a very wonderful event.

The meaning of Christmas is established by Love. It was God's love for the children of men that made it possible in the beginning, and it is Love in family and home that makes Christmas a happy and joyous time.

This same Love for God and the children of men brings the world the true sense of Brotherhood and Peace for all the world. The angelic choir singing "Glory to God in the Highest and in earth peace, good will among men" on the first Christmas should still resound in our world today.

May you and yours have a blessed Christmas, even if it has to be in different places. The spirit of Christmas knows no bounds.



PAROLE BOARD MEMBERS MEET WITH INMATES HERE

In line with the Board's policy of talking with the inmates whenever possible, Mr. George Street and Miss Mary Louise Lynch met with 17 inmate representatives on October 19 at this institution.

Two other members of the Board were also in the institution later in the day and with Miss Lynch they toured our big house in the suburbs. Mr. Edward Dionne and Mr. Benoit Godbout, accompanied by Miss Lynch and one of the Board's Regional Representatives, visited the Vocational School shops and other sections of the institution, talking with instructors and inmates throughout their tour.

The Board members were in Kingston in connection with the all-important—for the inmate—Wardens' Conference being held at the Staff Training College the week of October 17—21. The Board took advantage of this to visit the three area prisons. At this institution a group of 17 men were chosen to meet with the Board and present questions submitted by the general inmate population. While very little new information was gathered—the Board's policy is set by now—a great many rumours were cleared up and the inmate representatives went back to their shops with a clearer picture of the Board's inner workings. The results of the meeting were given to the inmates in a half-hour tape recording made by three of the men at the meeting.

From the point of view of human relations, the Board's visit was a worthwhile thing. When dealing with such an intangible thing as a man's attitude and hopes for the future, it is difficult to be right every time. And a mistake by the Board can—and does—make many a man feel as if his efforts have been wasted. The Board is a rather nebulous entity to a man in his cell. Like God, he knows it is there, but he can't see it and its workings are sometimes hard to fathom. Visits like this help to bring the Board into focus for the men and help us to understand its decisions.

As for a man's efforts having been wasted: anything you learn is a step forward and will serve you well in the future.

We're in debt to ...

... The Crown Life Insurance Company and Robert Reynolds, for keeping us supplied throughout the year with schedules of sporting events. Latest of these attractive little pamphlets to arrive was the Football Schedule and just around the corner is the N.H.L. Schedule. These booklets are very much appreciated by all the inmates of the three local pens. Thanks again!

... The Sault Daily Star's Homer Foster, for devoting an entire column to the Diamond. On August 22nd, Mr. Foster pleased the Diamond staff by making some flattering comments in ACROSS THE CITY DESK, his daily column on the editorial page of that paper. He did err in one respect, though. Mr. Foster complained about the lot of a City Editor being pestered by doting mothers, anxious to have junior's name appear in the paper. Writing for the Diamond, Mr. Foster felt, would do away with this problem. But then he was worried that the mothers' ire might be aroused if their sons' name DID appear in the penal press! We're unable to speak for the mothers, but the sons are not shy about asking for a write-up — with pictures, yet!

... The John Howard Society, which has paid for most of our photo engravings this year. They gave us a grant of \$100, and it certainly is a help. We couldn't possibly have photo coverage without this help.

... Eileen Turcotte of the Ottawa Journal, for reprinting most of our complaint about the raw deal inmates due for deportation are getting. Miss Turcotte's CIVIL SERVICE column was devoted to our complaint on September 1st and we cannot think of a more effective place to have this printed. Thanks for the support, Miss Turcotte.

... And to all the other columnists who gave us a plug. We don't see them all, but those we have had brought to our attention will go a long way toward making our little publication more acceptable to the general public.

... Last, but certainly not least, to the National Parole Board. They released three men we didn't like last month, and life around here is certainly much easier.



A Hand-Tooled Copper Plaque Of The Last Supper. 20 x 11 Inches, It Is One Of The Most Popular Items Made.

Hobbycraft

AND THE INMATE

by D. Potter

For a person leading a normal, day to day life, hobbycraft is a pastime. This is true in the case of the inmate also, but to him it is, in addition, a way in which he can make himself a few dollars—dollars that will be of great help to him when he is released.

When it is considered that an inmate having served two years is released with approximately fifteen dollars, it becomes obvious that he must find other means of making enough money to hold him over until he can find a job and get settled down. Consequently, he turns to the only method avail-

able to him in here: hobbycraft.

When a man starts on a hobby, his biggest worry is how he is going to sell his finished product. He has two ways: send the hobbycraft articles out to relatives for sale, or place it in the showcase in the visiting room here. If he is fortunate enough to have a family to help him, he will usually have no trouble selling his work. He must be able to market the articles if he is to carry on with his hobby as it costs money for materials and tools. Very few men in here are able to keep up with a hobby unless they have some

money coming in from the sale of their work.

For the man who has no means of selling his hobbycraft "on the street", it is no easy matter to find enough customers to keep on with his hobby. For instance, if he comes into the institution with from ten to twenty dollars and starts a hobby, he must first buy the necessary tools for that hobby. He will have to start with the bare necessities and as he goes along he can add to his tool kit. If the man is working on leathercraft—the most popular hobby—he must also purchase materials. A few tools and a small amount of leather and other materials usually exhaust his meagre supply of money. To continue he must sell the articles he makes.

Many men have articles in our showcase now that represent all their capital. They cannot continue work on their hobby until this work is sold. If they started on a hobby for the first time, their first efforts will not be of the best workmanship and therefore will have to sell for almost cost price. Even at that, these first items are harder to sell.

Articles are left in the showcase for only six months. If they are not sold at the end of this time, they are placed in the inmate's personal effects. In this way no one person has a monopoly on the showcase space, which is indeed limited. The display case is a poor one, anyway, and a new cabinet is on the drawing boards.

Many men find they have just acquired the necessary skill, but are out of funds to continue. At this point, if he could proceed with his hobby he would be able to produce first class workmanship. His work would then

be able to compete with the excellent craftsmanship on display alongside it. Most of the work done by the men here is of exceptional quality and when man-hours spent on it are considered, an item would be worth many times the prices the men ask.

An inmate's choice of hobby is made from a fairly comprehensive list including leathercraft, moulding, painting and sketching, bead-work, petit point, coppercraft, fly tying, shell work, model building, jewelry and miniature wood carving. To give a detailed account of each hobby would take more space than we have here, but further details may be had by writing to:

The Warden,
c/o Hobbycraft Officer,
Box 190,
Kingston, Ontario.

Visitors to the prison may also purchase items in the showcase by asking the censor or officer on duty.

Anyone purchasing hobbycraft items is not only acquiring a beautiful article, but they are also helping an inmate to continue with his hobby and thereby pass his time a little more pleasantly and gainfully.



Little Betty was asked by her mother: "Why are you crying?"

"My new shoes hurt me!" wailed Betty.

"No wonder," replied the mother, "You've got them on the wrong feet!"

Betty cried all the harder and answered, "But I haven't got any other feet."
James Clubine

CLASSIFIED

SECTION

SEASON'S

USED CARS

One used get-away car. Dark black limousine. Needs body work (small holes on one side and back). Tune-up should improve pick-up. One owner, small mileage. Forced to sell to raise bail money.

*** **

Used Cadillac for sale. New paint job. New motor numbers. Priced for quick sale. Cash only. No questions asked. None answered.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Partner wanted: To take bets. Must be experienced on phone and have pleasant voice.

*** **

Selling out. Well-established illicit spirit distributor in Montreal area. Owner forced to retire due to changes in political parties and new government policy. Good buy for man with Liberal affiliation. Steady clientele. High gallonage. MUCH PROFIT.

*** **

Money Making: Need active partner with engraving experience. Several products finished and ready to market. Looks like the real thing.

*** **

ARTICLES FOR SALE

Successful burglar wishes to sell proven tool kit. Lock-picks, sledge hammer, pry bar and complete line of power tools. Many extras include hot plate, teapot and sandwich grill for on-the-job tea breaks. Last used in St. Catharines, Ontario. Hurry. Owner leaving for French Riviera November 30.

*** **

Cheque writing machine available free. Hurry. Must be removed from cellar before being discovered. Please wipe clean of fingerprints.

POSITIONS WANTED

Ex-armed robber wishes job which don't require no brains. Fully qualified.

*** **

Poor mechanic wishes to work on farm—with horses.

*** **

FURNISHED APARTMENTS TO LET

Self contained bachelor apartment. Heat, light and cold water. No view. Male adult only, must be abstainer. Laundry facilities in building. Meals supplied. Many tenants willing to sublet to responsible party. Reasonable.

*** **

GREETINGS

UNFURNISHED:

Special housing available in quiet, completely segregated area. No visitors. No bed No toilet. No water. No meals. No nothing. Maximum lease: 21 days. Inquiries should be routed through Warden's court. UN-reasonable.

*** **

PERSONALS

G.F.—Please send cake with file or saw. #99001

*** **

Pat—arriving Union Station 1:30 train. Please meet. — November 1, '75. John

*** **

Dear wives—can only send 4 letters per month. So two of you will be left out. — Bigamist.

*** **

RATES

ANY REASONABLE
OFFER ACCEPTED

RONALD L. SEARS
ADVERTISING MGR.

An Interestin' Tale

"This tempest's fearful howlin' and the Thunder's frightful roar,
Combined with this here boomin' of them breakers on that shore,
And takin' with yon creakin' of riggin' in the gale,
Reminds me of a singularly interestin' tale."

Thus spake Dave Snoggles, skipper of the schooner Sally Chubb;
"Cut the narrative", I urged, "and navigate this tub."
In vain I spoke—he heard me not—far, far away he glanced,
And, (while both masts came crashin' down) he dreamily romanced.

"T'was on a moonlit night, back in '82,
A starlit night," (just here a wave washed overboard our crew)
"A night of soulful balminess" — "Look out!"
I screamed in fright,
"There's rocks ahead" —
"In short," he said,
"It was a lovely night."

"And as I sat on the deck, one finger on the wheel,"
(Zip zip: I heard a jagged rock tear through the Sally's keel.)
"I spied a mermaid swimming near—(the Sally here broke in two)
"A graceful cuss—"
Here both of us
Into the water flew.

"She kissed her hand to me, she did, and WOW, but she was trim."
"Forget the mermaid Dave," I yelled, "swim you jackass, swim!"
Then doggedly I kicked and stroked and struggled for my life—
"Said I," Dave gurgled, almost spent,
"Dear mermaid be my wife."
"And she" — (his voice was weakin') — "and she, she murmured
Dave — I" (here he fouled a floating spar and swallowed half a
wave)

"I'm highly flattered, David, and, in answer I would say—"That"—
(David Snoggles vanished in an avalanche of spray).
"I'll be your wife on one condish—(Dave popped up from the sea)
"And that's" — (he bounded toward the stars in foam-flecked
majesty)
"That — that — Oh Lord!"
"That — WHAT?" I roared.
"That — that," (Here Davey drowned).

And I a!as, they rescued me; would that my aching bones
Had sunk with Davey Snoggles to the lair of Davey Jones!
For though, all day I ask: "That — WHAT?" — No answer can
I find,
And hence I fear
My death is near
Or — Rats! — there goes my mind!



HEWITT GIVES

HEWITT GIVES

The other day my blood I gave;
It took some nerve to do it.
And on the jug the nurse did print,
"COMPLIMENTS OF HEWITT."

Opinions pass, I think I've heard:
"That man is just a dud,
There's nothing we can do for him
'Cause thieving's in his blood."

Now since that day it's true to say
My mind's been in confusion.
Will a thief be born because of me?
From the blood of my transfusion?

"The Board, it seems, is not interested in unstable types and -----"

PAROLE:

Pursuing our complaint for the month of July — *"Why doesn't the Parole Board inform a man as to the reason for a turndown on his parole application?"* — we took the matter to the Board's Regional Representative.

The quick answer: "First, ask the inmate what he has done to improve himself while he has been in the institution."

That seemed to make it clear that the Board was interested in men who had taken additional schooling — either through correspondence courses or the institution's school — and Vocational Training. This does not exclude others from parole, but the man who has worked at self-improvement is certainly a better bet to go home early.

This, of course, was not the only reason for a turndown. Some inmates applied too early which, while it is understandable, does not allow the institution enough time to assess the inmate fairly. Your attitude toward both staff and fellow inmates is of prime importance. If, for instance, you are one of those rough, tough, bitter, I-don't-give-a-damn guys, the odds are you can paint your cell with every confidence that you will be inhabiting it for the balance of your sentence. And if you are in the habit of throwing temper tantrums — changing jobs,

quitting courses, causing trouble — over little things, then you, too, may ask for a paint brush.

The Board, it seems, is not interested in unstable types and/or children. Reasonable enough?

And finally, your plan for living after your release on parole must be realistic and not some fantasy based on "ifs". For example, one fellow wrote on his application that he intended to go to Windsor while serving out his parole time and as soon as the parole was satisfied he intended to go to Saul Ste. Marie and open a business. The type of business doesn't matter here. It is enough to say that it would require about \$3,500 capital to start. This man's parole would have been of about six months' duration. He had no money, or at least very little. The Board, we imagine, was moved to ask where he intended to get so much money so quickly.

We were further told by the Regional Representative of the Board that the Board will inform a man as to why he was turned down. In the case of a man who can be helped by the institution, the Warden will be informed and, through him, the Classification Officer. In many cases, the reason for a turndown can be discovered by requesting an interview with your Classification Officer and if he does not know

the matter can be taken to the Regional Representative. He will definitely know and, we have been told, will find time to pass the information along to the man concerned.

Before anyone rushes for an interview slip, take a good look at your record — both past and institutional — and if after mature reflection you still cannot see any reason for a turndown, then ask to see your Classification Officer.

The Board, through its Representatives, is willing to explain these things as inquiries may lead to a better plan for a man after his release. The Parole Board's job is not just to release men and keep the prison population down, but to release inmates *when it will further their rehabilitation*. The Board is in business to help reform men. And when you are dealing in human lives you have to consider feelings. Emotions are part of human behaviour. Thus it is that a man who is paroled feels he is getting a break and, like any other decent human being, he appreciates this and responds by living up to the trust placed in him. The national average for recidivism is over 70%. Parole violations are less than 7% of those released on parole. In other words, 70 men out every hundred released from prison are returning. Only 7 men out of every hundred released on parole re-enter the prison. This would seem to indicate that parole is good business for Canada.

The past month—August—has been a good one parole-wise for this institution. There were 15 paroles up 'til the 26th as compared with 2 for August of 1959! And most of them were good paroles, too. Six months and up—one over two years! We have been cautioned to add here that we should not expect this high rate to continue over the winter months.

Because employment plays such a large part in a man's successful rehabilitation, the Board are reluctant to release men when unemployment is at its peak—unless the man has very solid plans and someone to help him out financially. To release a man with no financial support and no prospects of finding work soon would not be fair to the man, either. We assume, then, that spring and summer are the times when the most paroles will be coming through.

Editorially, we would like to see every man be paroled. We can see nothing wrong with a man's behaving himself and taking educational or Vocational courses with parole in mind. If a man can learn to control himself—no matter what the reason—he is a good parole risk. Wanting to get out of here at the earliest possible moment is a commendable reason for behaving like an adult. If you can do it here, you will be able to behave as a responsible citizen after your release, too.

And that is all the Board wants you to do.

HINT?

In answer to a plea over the prison address system for suggestions that would help to improve our magazine, a book was left by the office door the next day.

The title of the book: The Canadian Government Editorial Style Manual.

It's Been Great Fun, Joe



October 16th saw the end of an era at this penitentiary. Joe Woodhouse presented his last show at Collin's Bay Pen — the 586th of his career.

Joe and his wife, Dot, ushered in the era of live entertainment for the inmates of Kingston's prisons 15 years ago. They have presented shows in K.P. and the Prison for Women as well as Collin's Bay and the inmates of these prisons, both present and past, have always had a warm spot in their hearts for Joe and his family. The news that Joe was bringing in a show would be the talk of the prison for a month before the show and the inmates would talk about the show for a month after. It was the one bright spot in an otherwise drab existence.

Today, with expanded recreational programmes — including television — Joe's live shows are still the talk of our town. From time to time Joe has been given small gifts of appreciation by the men and women he has entertained, but nothing could repay him. The value of Joe's shows has been incalculable.

At 54 (he says), and with a serious back injury, Joe is forced to step down. Typically, Joe has confined his interest in inmates not only to bringing in shows, but he has also helped many of them after they were released. Joe loaned them money and helped them find jobs. A few let him down. More became useful citizens.

Joe has one more show: at the Prison for Women. This will be the finalé, the end of the era. But Joe opened the way for others to follow and the inmates will benefit from Joe's efforts for years to come.

Talking with Joe after his last show here — with the applause still echoing throughout the building — it was obvious that Joe was sorry it had to end. "It's been great," he reminisced, "and don't forget to tell the fellows that I think they are the greatest audience in the world. It's their applause that has more than repaid me over the years."

We're sorry it's over, too. Again, Joe, thanks for some swell shows.

SHOW TIME



Roaring applause greeted the opening show of the 1961-62 season. Joe Woodhouse returned after a long summer, bringing with him Eva Howard and Dennis Curtis. These two, both favorites with the men here, have starred in many of the shows Joe has brought in for us and they came through with terrific performances again.



**EVA
HOWARD**

To start things rolling, Freddy Paquin and his boys gave us a taste of western music — ever popular here — then stepped aside to let a very



**FREDDY PAQUIN
AND HIS WESTERN GROUP**

pretty young lady make like she was the worst looking scare-crow imaginable. Donna Stevens, who later appeared with her younger, but just as pretty, sister Ruth, had the fella's whoopin' it up with her loose-jointed novelty dance routine. After the two girls danced and sang their version of "I Didn't Know the Gun Was Loaded", the next act was held up until the applause died down a little. The girls were great, but wouldn't you know it — Dennis Curtis was next!

Joe, it just wasn't fair. You know we aren't used to laughing so hard for so long. For the reader who doesn't know Dennis, I'll tell you what he does. This guy just stands in front of the mike, opens his mouth, crosses his eyes, waves his arms, tears his hair and only the good Lord knows what else. But the result is hilarious. Dennis Curtis is a pantomimist, and the very best. CBC could use him to advantage in a telecast. Dennis' "Johnny Ray" and "Teresa Brewer" are favorites of ours, but this time he went all the way

out and did his newest act: a South American chic singing Malaguana. The slinky costume he wore, which exposed much of his un-shapely anatomy, was a scream in itself. But combined with his miming, well, believe me — it brought the house down!



DENNIS CURTIS

**Knight of the
Turntable**

Cec Coulter and his singing partner Jack Johnson dropped in from Cata-raqui to sing a few songs that went over very well with this mixed audience. Then Marge Scott, who, by her own admission, was as nervous as a bride, stepped to the spotlight and sang a couple of real smooth ones. "St. Louis Woman" and "Blues in the Night" floated out to a dead silent audience in true blue fashion. To say the least, it was much appreciated by the audience and with a voice like hers — and a husband on the O.P.P. — Marge has nothing to be nervous about.

"The Majorettes", a baton twirling trio, put on a fine display of precision dancing and baton work. Pat Moore, June Johnston and Rosemary Joslin are only three of a group of Kingston twirlers under the direction of Mrs Mona Tomlinson.. Miss Donna John-

ston, June's younger sister (only 12 years old), came on stage later and did a marvelous solo, dancing, marching and twirling her way through some very intricate patterns.



**Pat Moore, Rosemary Joslin,
June & Donna Johnston**

Accordianist Pat Hudson played a medley of songs to the delight of the audience. Pat is fast becoming a regular visitor — and a favourite — in our shows here at the Bay. Her rollicking polkas always set the auditorium jumping as the boys get into the swing of things.



PAT HUDSON

After a short intermission, Joe gave us the girl we had been waiting for—Eva Howard. Accompanied by a group of musicians from CKWS, Eva got us all to dreaming of far away — and better — places, singing the way only Eva can. Orve Severin played “I’ll Take Romance on the vibes to give Eva a chance to catch her breath and then, with all the boys in the band backing him, swung into “Rock Around The Clock”. Eva returned to the mike and topped all of her past performance applause records with “Mambo Italiano”—wow!

It seemed they’d never run out of stars for next to appear was Don Manuel. We’d never seen or heard Don before, but we sure know him now. He’s terrific! Bobby Darrin and a few of those other top-notchers will be relieved to know that Don is ending his show-biz career and intends to become a lawyer. Could it be that this boy’s come here to drum up a little trade? Don belted out “Mack the Knife” and “That Old Black Magic”

in real rousing style and we wish him the very best in his new profession — though we hope we never have to call on his services.

DON MANUEL



That pretty well covers Show Time for this month except that we’d like to express our thanks to all the fellows and gals who worked so hard to make this one of the best shows we have ever seen. From all of us in here, thanks again.



JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY MOVES TO NEW ADDRESS

The John Howard Society’s Toronto office has been moved from 340 Jarvis Street to 168 Isabella Street (near Sherbourne).

Many ex-inmates were familiar with the old red-brick house on Jarvis Street. The house will be demolished, but the aid and counselling offered by the Society will still be available in their new headquarters.

The Society’s new building on Isabella is also an old house, but the interior has been completely renovated to provide modern office space. A new building, but it still holds the same staff, ready and able to offer guidance and assistance to the ex-inmate.

ONE ACE TOO MANY

CONTINUED FROM Page 22

lie he might have been missing. He avoided Virginia's eyes. He couldn't stand to look at her and wonder. . . .

As they drew up in her sister's yard, Bruce gently helped her down and kissed her lightly. "I've gotta' talk to Tex for a bit and run a couple of errands in town, Honey. Don't worry—I'll be real careful." She didn't trust her voice so she just looked up at him and nodded, her eyes burning.

Virginia's sister, Kathryn, had married Silverton's blacksmith, Tex Larkin. He was a burly, happy-go-lucky bear of a man with a quick, flashing smile for everybody. Though of average height, he was powerfully built and his strength was legend locally. Different though he and Bruce were, they were as close as brothers.

Bruce tied up in front of a small, dingy office on the town's main street. Fifteen minutes later he came out of the office folding a piece of paper and slipped it into his vest pocket. He jogged on down the street and tied up in front of the saloon. He paused to read the sign: THE SILVER LODGE SALOON — Chuck Sprague, Prop.

He pushed the doors inward and walked into the noisy, crowded room. Across the room, at the big, green covered table, his back to the corner, sat Streak Willard — expansive, supremely confident and winning at poker. They were playing five handed and Bruce picked up a chair as he walked toward the table.

"How about sittin' in men?" he asked, looking straight at Willard as he said it.

"Glad to see you, youngster. Thought

maybe you'd lost your nerve. Make was thick with sarcasm.

Bruce sat down directly across from Willard, with two players on each side of him, and the game continued. Willard spoke over his shoulder to the striking redhead behind his chair, "Be a good girl, Loretta, and bring our young benefactor here a drink." When she returned though, Bruce handed her a silver dollar.

"Better watch your money pretty close tonight, Willard. I think your luck has just about run out."

"Well, let's see," Willard answered, unsmilingly.

They began to play then, seriously, intently. During the first eight hands nothing spectacular happened. Bruce dropped out of all but two small pots, which he won. As the ninth hand came up, Willard was dealing. The first deal around Bruce was high with a King up—which he had backed up by a King in the hole. He bet twenty dollars. The two men to his left dropped out, and Willard, with a Jack up and an Ace in the hole, called. The next man, with a Queen up and a Five in the hole, called. Slim O'Hearn, immediately on Bruce's right had Nines wired and he called.

Willard dealt again. The man with the Queen caught a deuce. Slim caught an Eight to go with his Nines. Bruce caught a Ten and Willard dealt himself a trey. Bruce, still high with King-Ten, bet forty dollars. Willard called, Queen-deuce folded and Slim sat pondering for a few seconds.

"All right, Slim—get in or get out—whattaya say?" Willard spurred him.

Without answering, Slim tossed in the forty dollars. By this time a few

onlookers had drifted up and tension was mounting. Willard flicked the cards around again. Slim caught another Eight, giving him Eights and Nines. Bruce caught his third King and Willard caught an Ace, pairing his hole card. Bruce negligently tossed a silver dollar just over Willard's head, "How about another drink, Loretta?" It startled both the girl and Willard. He nodded curtly to her and said, "Go ahead."

Bruce started to push a stack into the center. "One hundred dollars," he said flatly.

Without a flicker of hesitation, Willard called. Slim tilted back in his chair and squinted for a short time at Willard, then at Bruce, then, with a trapped expression, pushed in his hundred.

There was a sizeable crowd by now and it stood as one crouched, softly-breathing animal—watchful and silent.

With deft nonchalance the gambler shot the cards to the players. -Slim caught a deuce—no help. Bruce caught an Ace. Willard dealt himself his third Ace. . . and his pair of Aces up were high. Impassively, he counted Bruce's remaining stack and bet just that amount.

"Three hundred and eighty-five dollars," he said as he pushed it in.

Very deliberately Bruce counted out the three hundred and eighty-five dollars. He pushed it to the center of the pot with his right hand and in the same smooth, unhurried movement, drew the big Colt with his left. Willard, caught flatfooted, gaped. The click of the hammer seemed extraordinarily loud and deadly in the electrically charged silence of the room. The players to Bruce's left and right

eased quietly out of their chairs and melted into the dispersing crowd.

"Hold it, Slim!" Bruce never took his eyes from Willard as he spoke. He pointed to the unused portion of the deck. "Pick up those cards and start turning them off the top. Go slow and call them as they fall."

Carefully keeping out of the line of fire, Slim began turning the cards face up on the big green table. "Seven of clubs, Queen of diamonds, Four of spades, trey of clubs — Ace of hearts. . ."

"All right. Hold it right there," Bruce said. Then to Willard, "Turn up your hole card, Tinhorn." Reluctantly, Willard turned up his Ace in the hole.

"That's just what I figured—you've got three Aces, I've got one and there's still one in the deck. That's one Ace too many."

Willard's face was ashen. "Wait a minute, MacKnight." It was the first time he had ever used Bruce's name. "You surely don't intend to gun a man down in cold blood without giving him a chance to draw. . ." He had trouble keeping his voice steady.

"That's exactly what I intend to do, snake. If I let you draw you might beat me. Prob'ly would in fact. This way, I don't run that risk."

Beads of sweat glistened on Willard's face in the stark, bright silence.

Then from the front of the saloon came a rich Texas drawl, "This twelve guage is shore gonna' play hell with your haircut, Sprague, if yore hands get any closer to yore gun." Tex Larkin stood amiably smiling in the doorway of the saloon, his double-barreled shotgun held ready. "That goes for anyone else, too, who tries to poke

into this little personal feud." No one moved.

Bruce spoke up. "Your rotten, worthless life is hanging by a hair, four-flusher. I'm gonna' give you just one chance to live—if you make a mistake you're dead. Last Saturday night, after you had taken me for three thousand. I happened to be passing Chuck Sprague's office window. I saw what you did and heard what you said. Now, you speak up loud and clear and tell everybody here what happened in there. You get just *one* chance, Willard."

Willard blinked, then licked his lips. Looking rigidly ahead, he hesitantly began, "Well, ah I was in Chuck Sprague's office. . . ."

"LOUDER!" Bruce's voice cracked like a shot.

Willard flinched perceptibly and continued louder, ". . .and I split the winnings with him, like we'd agreed. I told him," he shot a desperate glance at Sprague, "that I had stacked the deck and dealt seconds all night and that not one of the. . .uh, yokels, saw a thing. I told him we could clean this town out." He had recited the whole thing in a terrified, monotonous, singsong voice. His hands clenched the edge of the green felt. A low, ominous rumble rippled through the crowd.

"All right, Willard," Bruce said, "That just about covers it. I reckon you and Sprague will be real anxious to ride outa' town now. As soon as I get my three thousand back, I'm through with you."

Sprague smiled broadly. "Now, you know, that's funny! I had that money

in the safe in my office and just before I came in here I looked for it, and it's gone!" He shrugged, still grinning. "Tough break, kid."

Bruce let a smile flit across his features. "What do you figure the Silver Lode is worth, Sprague? To a rattlesnake in a frantic hurry to leave town, that is?"

Sprague blanched, "Aw, hey now, wait just a minute. . . ." He looked around the room at the stony faces and malevolent stares. "Uh, yeah. O.K. MacKnight, you got yourself a saloon."

Bruce took a piece of paper from his vest pocket and unfolded it. "Just on a hunch, I stopped by lawyer Burton's office earlier—just in case you should want to sell. If you'll sign on the dotted line."

Sprague said, "Well, kid, you've had a big night. How about one last drink on the house—you know, to ride on?"

Bruce nodded, "Yeah, O.K., Sprague. Everybody step up for a drink on the new owner of the Silver Lode."

Bruce went behind the bar and began filling glasses as the crowd gathered up to the bar.

As soon as Willard and Sprague had finished their drinks, Bruce, resting on his elbows, hands clasping the neck of the whiskey bottle, leaned across the bar and spoke seriously to them. "Now, you two get outa' Silverton. If you ever come back I'm gonna' kill you. I'm no gunslinger, an' I can't outdraw either of you, but I've got a two-barreled twelve guage and I'll keep it loaded and ready for you."

Neither man answered. After a few seconds they turned and walked slowly toward the door. Bruce stood leaning

on the bottle, staring after them. A cowboy on Bruce's left, waving an empty glass, caught his eye then, and Bruce took a step to the left, reaching for the glass. In his right hand he still held the whiskey bottle.

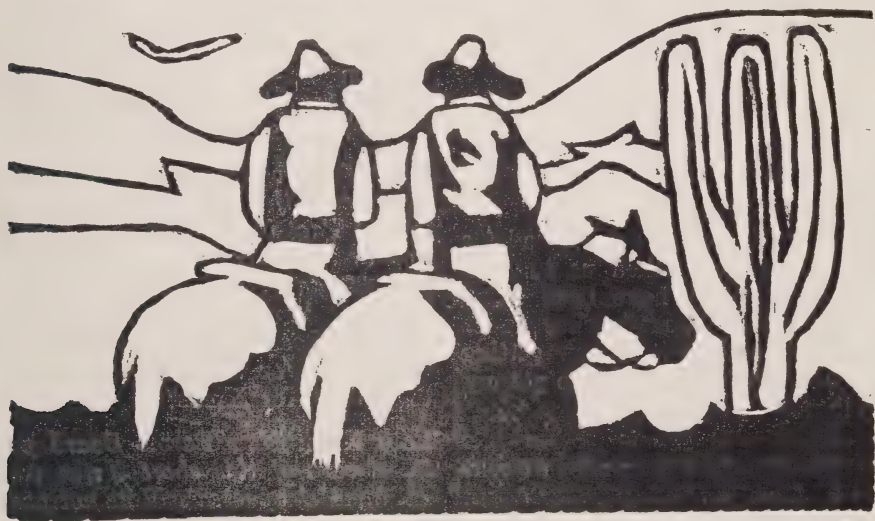
Suddenly, there was a sharp crack and the crash of glass. A split second later the thunderous boom of the shotgun.

Bruce stared with a vacuous fascination at the jagged neck of the shattered whiskey bottle he still held in his right hand. The room was in a shocked silence. Willard clasped his hands futilely across his bright yellow vest, teetered momentarily, then crumpled to his knees. The thick, bright red stain oozed between his fingers. He stared at the small derringer he had dropped and opened his mouth, trying to say something. He gurgled liquidly, then pitched forward on his face. The sound of Sprague's galloping horse faded into the night.

Later, Bruce and Tex jogged placidly along under the star-studded, blue-black sky, gratefully inhaling the cold, tangy desert air. They rode in silence for quite a while, then Tex spoke.

"I been goin' over this whole show, podner, an' there's just one thing I can't figure out. If Willard was stackin' the deck, why'd he slip in that extra Ace, an' how'd you ever catch him at it?"

Bruce grinned in the dark. "He didn't, Tex. I did!" Bruce imagined the blank incredulity on Tex's face. "I knew he was cheatin' an' I knew I'd never catch him at it. I had to have enough evidence to justify drawin' on him and to make him realize I could kill him right in front of that crowd and get away with it. He stacked the deck so his three Aces would beat my three Kings, so I slipped in that extra Ace to cinch my case. What hurt him the most was bein' slickered at his own game. Kind of a hard loser."



NOTE: In 1951, The Diamond was a 6 page mimeographed paper carrying mostly institutional news. It was a weekly. We will carry excerpts for a couple of months to see if it is of interest to readers. Let's hear!

OUT OF THE PAST

May 19, 1951:

From The Suggestion Box

A con asked why we don't get more pastry. We (the editor) took this one to the kitchen and got the answer, "Not enough flour—we use so much in the bread." We were then shown the bread wastage for the previous day and it amounted to nearly a thousand slices! We are all offenders in this matter. Let's save a slice a day and see if this won't up the pastry ration.

June 23, 1951:

Letter to Editor

"Where do I exchange my bread for pastry? Since you asked us to save a slice each day I have been doing this. Every day I put a slice under my mattress and as it is now getting very uncomfortable, I'd like to get my pastry!"

Present Editor: *This is one department that we have no complaints about*

during 1960. The pastry cooks deserve a slap on the back for the excellent product they have been turning out with consistency. Now if we could just do something about having gravy slopped all over the tray, we'd come up with another improvement. Gravy ruins an otherwise good meal at times.

June 23, 1951

Facts, not Rumours

There is absolutely no truth to the commonly heard rumour that The Warden can give a man up to 30 days special remission when he is nearing the end of his sentence.

Present Editor: *In spite of this definite statement, this rumour persists even today. Fact is, the Criminal Law Section of the Department of Justice can give 30 days, and do on special occasions. You have to write and ask, though. Does this help anyone looking to get out for Christmas? to get out for Xmas?*

Late Note: *New Parole Board policy takes care of this short Xmas parole. All inmates affected will be notified.*

LETTERS

TO THE

EDITOR

Editor:

This little book is good inspiration. If it continues to help each person in there it is worthwhile and I appreciate the opportunity to subscribe to it.

I also receive the Telescope and it is also good. If there were more people reading these books I think there would be more interest in penal problems and more help for the inmates both in there and after their release.

Yours truly,
Mrs. H. Brodhagen,
Palmerston, Ontario.

Editor: *Well, now! We certainly agree that we could use more readers, Mrs. Brodhagen, and we'll send a couple of copies along to the two persons you suggested in your post script. Thanks for the renewal and the compliments.*

Dear "Editors":

Sorry! I'm late with my renewal to your excellent publication — "The Diamond".

Really look forward to receiving it each month and read it from cover to cover.

Please find enclosed \$2.00 — for the coming year and the extra dollar is just a small donation.

Sincerely,
(Miss) E. R. Gray,
Montreal.

"Editor": *We are blushing, but thanks for both the euphemisms and the money. It's getting near the end of year and the annual struggle to last until our subsidy comes through is beginning. You've helped, Miss Gray, and we appreciate it.*

Dear Sir:

Founded in 1951! And I never had heard of it before.

By some accident, a copy of your magazine got tangled up with my mail and I have "wasted" half an hour enjoying it.

Here's the buck you claim you need to keep going, it would be a shame to stop.

Mr R. Harris,
Milton

Editor: *Mr. Harris' reference to the insert in our September issue makes*

LETTERS CONTINUED:

it all worthwhile. Strange thing, we knock our heads off trying to find people who will want our magazine and a post office error gets us a subscriber! So, gift horse and all that, we're grateful. But who, in Milton, didn't get their magazine in September?

Dear Sir:

I have been very interested in The Diamond, which has been coming here for some time to my Mother-in-Law. It gives us an idea just what goes on in a big place like that. I hope you will feel encouraged and keep up the good work of editing your magazine.

We enjoy reading it, cover to cover, and more power to you and your assistants there in your walled-in-Astoria.

Sincerely yours,
Mr. F. Ephgrave,
Peterborough.

Editor: *Will success spoil the staff? We'll probably never know, but thanks for the letter and the substantial donation, Mr. Ephgrave. We hate to reveal our mercenary side, but you can't possibly run a magazine without money and the government restrictions against TIME, ARGOSY and TRUE won't help the Diamond a bit.*

Dear Sir:

I received a reminder about The Diamond, saying my subscription expires. I'm sorry, you must have overlooked it, but I had renewed it June

13th when I was visiting the institution.

I paid \$2.00 and the receipt number was 1947. Will you correct this please because we enjoy reading the magazine and don't want to miss an issue.

(Name withheld)

Editor: *An honest mistake, sir, not an attempted theft! We corrected our files but neglected to remove your name from the renewal list for that month. If anyone else did this we would say they were stupid. In our case we blame it on being a little foggy. This could have happened to others. If so, please accept our apologies.*

Sir:

. . . the STIRTISTICS were of interest to me, but changed little from month to month. For the last three months you gave the population as 457 in repetition, but previous to that it was 456. So we were taken in by your lack of change. . . . ,

Yours truly,
K. W. L. McAuliffe,
Toronto.

Editor: *Apparently, YOU were not 'taken in', Mr. McAuliffe. This was not the reason for our reprinting the same figures. The first time, we just forgot to send new statistics to the printer. We got no complaints so we went along with it to see what would happen. As you can see, we now have a new use for the space.*

Collin's Bay DIAMOND

X December --- 1960

Contents

Christmas At Mortgage Manor	2
CBC Records Inmate Choir	7
As We See It!	9
Commissioner Visits Collin's Bay	10
Vocational Graduation Ceremonies Held	13
How's Your P.Q.?	17
All Saints Day	18
John Howard Society of Ontario	19
One Ace Too Many	21
Jovial Jester	23
Toronto Report	24
Prisoner Potential	27
A Christmas Message	28
Parole Board Members Meet With Inmates	29
We're In Debt To:	30
Hobby Craft	31
Classified Section	33
An Interestin' Tale (Poetry)	34
Parole:	36
It's Been Great Fun, Joe!	38
Show Time	39
Out of the Past	46
Letters to the Editor	47

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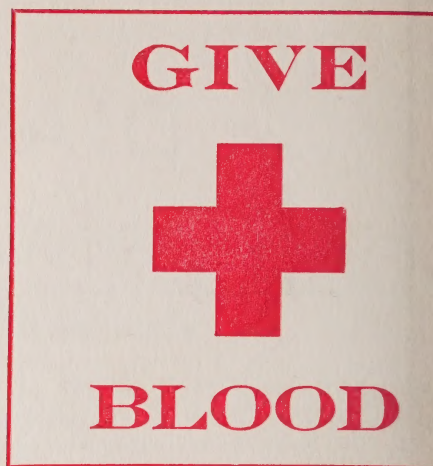
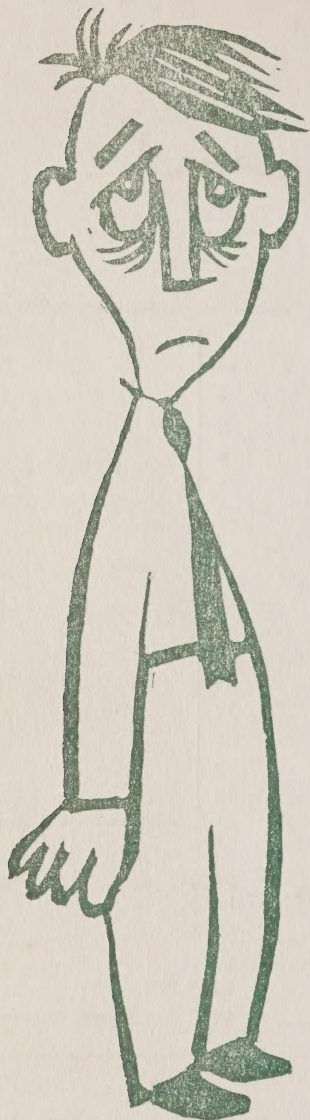
Authorized as Second
class mail. Post Office
Department, Ottawa,
Canada, 1952.

Box 190,
Kingston, Ontario, Canada

ABOUT OUR COVER

Starting with the order that there must be a Christmas theme to the December cover, artist Sears borrowed a tree from MacLean's magazine, chopped off a branch or two, and added a little inmate — also borrowed from somewhere. If we could remember where we borrowed the little fellow we'd be pleased to give the originator credit. Anyway, we liked the result so much we put it on our greeting card, too. Hope you agree and hope it's a Merry Christmas out there.

MAR 2 1961



Me ???

Yes, even you! The Red Cross Mobile Clinic will visit this institution the last week of December. Let's have the largest turnout ever!